

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 119.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1866.

PRICE 1½d.

AN UNDISCOVERED WORLD.

It is not quite so difficult as it used to be for the better half of the world (by which, however, we do not mean the Wives, for *they* still complain of want of information) to learn how the other half dispose of themselves. For a shilling you can buy the *Night in the Workhouse*, perhaps the most striking and graphic description of real life that ever appeared in a newspaper, and be introduced into the arcana of the 'casual wards;' while for a little more you may procure the *Mysteries of the Court of London*, and learn (though we do not know upon what authority) how the other end of society pass their butterfly existence. A more prosaic, but not less trustworthy plan to arrive at the knowledge of the ways and means of his fellow-creatures has, however, been adopted by the present writer, the results of which are subjoined. We know how the outcasts pass their miserable nights; we know how the courtiers amuse themselves; the mode of life of the upper classes is exhibited, with more or less of fidelity, in every fashionable novel: the middle classes have had, of late years, their delineators in our very greatest writers; the Shopocracy have had one or two 'chiefs' among them 'taking notes,' and not very complimentary ones either; domestic servants, with their 'perquisites' and their 'followers,' have occupied the columns of the *Times* for weeks together; and the agricultural poor have had a special commissioner, who has lifted our hair from our heads by the terrible details of his report. But of the artisan class, and of those who minister to their pleasures or their wants, we have had, with the exception of Mr Mayhew's *London Labour and the London Poor*, scarce any record whatever. Among them lies the fortune of some unborn Dickens, who shall mingle with them and describe them to us with the pen of genius, as *he* described Mr Pickwick and his associates, at a time when nobody under the rank of a baronet was considered eligible for the hero of a fiction. What a rich vein of human nature lies unworked for some enterprising miner, whose mandrel is his pen,

among those unknown tribes whom we meet by thousands in our streets, but know less about by far than the Zulus of the Cape or the Maories of New Zealand!

My advice to a young man whose future profession is to be that of literature, and who has chosen it because he is fit for it, not because he finds nothing else to do, is, to exchange his silk hat for a paper one, adopt the trade of a journeyman something, and migrate for a twelvemonth to the antipodes of that society among which he moves, but which he will find located not two streets off somewhere at the back of his own residence, and very likely down a Mews. For my own part, if I was but a little younger, and a little poorer, and a little less fastidious, and if my wife would give her permission—but I know *that's* out of the question—I think I could very profitably bid farewell for a season to the *Macenas* Club, and the dreary hospitalities of the Respectable, and take a humble lodging somewhere off Paddington Green, and live upon twelve and sixpence a week, and pretend to earn it. Not, mark me, that I pretend to be a person of transcendent talent, but that dealing with such perfectly new Material, it would be impossible that I could fail in interesting Mr Mudie's subscribers, with the story I should have to tell, just as one eagerly listens to a traveller from previously undiscovered lands, whether he has the art of the *raconteur* or not. We have heard, it is true (through the police reports), of the ferocity and lawlessness of some of that class to which I refer; conservative statesmen have assured us that they are dangerous to trust with the suffrage; teetotal orators have represented them in anything but flattering colours; but I do not doubt that there is quite as respectable an average of worthy folks among them as among any other class—fathers and mothers, and maidens and lovers, not merely Drunkards and Wife-beaters—and of these we know nothing at all.

While turning my attention to this subject, and sighing my regrets that a residence, however temporary, in these out-of-the-way latitudes was rendered impossible in my own case, it struck me

that I might at least gain some information about them through their literature. 'Let me write the songs of a nation, &c.' was, of course, the quotation that involuntarily rose to my lips; but a perusal of the ballads most in vogue, or at least most exposed in the shop windows in the desired localities, did not afford me much information. They were the dullest affairs that I ever read in print; and the most stupid of all were those which professed to be amusing. As for their romances, the tales with a wood-cut in their thousand-and-one penny Miscellanies, they are all exactly alike, and would almost appear to have been turned out by machinery. If the upper classes would only accept the account of the habits of these unknown tribes with the same eagerness with which they welcome the details of high-life, as set forth in these periodicals, I have certainly not overrated the success that awaits their future literary explorer. Nobody in these romances, with any pretensions to wickedness, seems to have less than ten thousand a year, with the exception of the criminal characters, who, in the shape of Murderers and Kidnappers, are generally found hand-and-glove with the aristocracy in schemes of oppression, or as ministers of their revenge. The gorgeous descriptions of equipages and furniture remind one of the literary efforts of the late Mr George Robins; while the banquet scenes recall that column of the *Times* which treats of the Mansion House upon the 9th of November. For any news of my unknown friends, therefore, to be found in their popular literature, I might just as well have applied at Stafford House to view its State Apartments, in order that I might glean from them an accurate idea of 'interiors' in the New Out.

There is, however, another species of literature affected by these secluded People, which is quite the reverse of imaginative, and altogether of another sort. I allude to those penny weekly newspapers, of which 'the respectable classes' know nothing, not even the names, but that, nevertheless, circulate in immense numbers among those whom they concern: the mere *news* whereof is like other news, except that a greater prominence is given to the Police Intelligence than is usual elsewhere, but the advertisement columns of which are very remarkable, and may fairly be taken as the exponents of the simple wants of the respective advertisers. Scarcely one of those standing advertisements, with which we are all so familiar in the Supplement of the *Times*, are to be found here; while offers of beer-houses and milk-walks crowd on one another as thick as bees. Almost all of these hint of limited means, and that ancient difficulty, even with the greatest conjurors, of raising the wind.

FREE BEER-HOUSE—L.170—*Brewers lend—Hammer and Down have—all over Counter—Excellent Dwelling—Low Rent—Good Position. Camden-Tn.*

With the exception of the names of the auctioneers, which have been altered, and that of the street, which has been suppressed, the above is exactly as it stands. How peculiar the grammar! How jerky and Mr Alfred Jingle-like the sentences! The little words are probably cut out for the sake of economy, as in the case of telegraphic messages.

FREE BEER-HOUSE—L.50 Monthly—only L.180
—*Brewers lend liberally—Full Prices—Short Distance out—undeniable Reasons for leaving.*

The last statement does not seem quite as it ought to be, since the reasons may be very undeniable, but yet (to the purchaser) exceedingly unsatisfactory.

Here is quite an Arcadian advertisement:

FREE PUBLIC—30 Miles out, Herts—Trade L.80 a Month—Rent L.15—Pretty Bar—Health and Business combined—strongly recommended.

This is evidently addressed to the Sentimental; we have heard of a pretty barmaid being attractive, but never before of a 'pretty bar.'

COFFEE-HOUSE—W—Doing L.13 a week—This should be seen—Old Established—Good Premises—Hammer and Down—Stamp.

Was ever such curtness in an offer of a livelihood? Here follows a little piece of familiarity:

PORK-BUTCHER'S—Marylebone—Trade L.60 weekly—Hammer and Down want the right man for this [!]-Bustling Locality—every Convenience—Rent Low.

Let us hope the right man will be found.

BUTCHER'S—Doing 4 Beasts and 40 Small Things—Hammer and Down have this unusual bargain.

So we should think; or, at all events, an unusual method of expressing it. Doing 4 beasts? Killing, we suppose, they mean, 4 oxen. But '40 small things,' unless they refer to 'rats and mice, and such small deer,' is a riddle. This word 'doing' is used, it will be remarked, more classically than among the upper classes, and seems to describe almost every transaction of human life.

MILK-WALK—Doing 9 Barn Gallons daily—Mr Hammer offers this—and a good Shop Trade attached.

Nothing would induce us to bid for this however eligible Lot in my present state of ignorance with respect to the nature of a 'barn gallon.'

HAIRDRESSER'S BUSINESS.—For Sale—Commanding Shop—taking six cross roads—near a Railway Station.

We cannot see the advantage of the six cross-roads with respect to hairdressing, unless one of them should be what is called 'a short-cut'; neither should we run the risk of being late for our train, because this great temptation presented itself in the neighbourhood. It possibly means, however, that people who arrive too early at a railway station are glad to pass the time in getting their hair dressed.

WANTED, Good Translators for Old Work—Constant Employment Given.

This, one would imagine, at first sight, was a literary advertisement, and referred to some cheap periodical which did not scorn adaptations from the French: it is nothing of the kind, however, but is addressed to the Second-hand Boot and Shoe Trade.

We take shame to ourselves for not having given place *aux dames*, and hasten to repair the omission, but the fact is, we wished to keep them as far as possible from the beer-houses.

TO FEMALE DRAPERS' ASSISTANTS.—Wanted, a Young Lady, principally for the Fancy Counter [Fancy!]. Apply, or if by Letter, send 'Carte,' to Mr Goodjudge.

This seems a very genuine exemplification of 'one's face being one's fortune.' Addressed, we conclude, also to the fair sex are the numerous advertisements headed *Astrology*.

MR FARSIGHT answers any Questions, by Letter only, on Love, Marriage, Journeys, Delicate Difficulties, and all Events of Interest. Send Date of Birth, enclosing 18 Stamps, and Stamped Envelope for Reply.

This is a sort of gentleman who only crops up before the general public in examinations before a magistrate, but among the folks of whom we are now speaking, his profession is evidently recognised enough.

YOUR PLANET RULED, and Future foretold, on Courtship, Marriage, and Business, by sending Sex and 18 Stamps to Mr Lookahed.

We are glad to remark, however, that this important information can be got at less than half the price from other quarters:

YOUR FUTURE LIFE Revealed Correctly. Send Age and seven Stamps to Mr Underbid.

These advertisements are doubtless mischievous and significant of a wide-spread ignorance; but it is but just to remark, that among nearly a dozen of these low-priced newspapers, circulating, as we have said, only among a very humble grade of society indeed, there are scarcely any absolutely vicious advertisements; in fact, only ten in all.

Here is one which certainly looks slightly felonious, but we are bound to hope for the best:

WATCHES.—For Sale, Two Gold: a Lady's, Gold Dome, L.2, 15s.; a Gentleman's, 18 Carat Case, L.3, 15s.; a Long Chain, L.3, 15s.; an Albert Chain, 35s.—both nearly new, and handsome patterns. Quer St., City—Top Bell.

This may, of course, be only a method of raising money adopted by a gentleman and lady in difficulties, in preference to going to the pawnbroker's; but for our parts, if we wanted a watch, we should rather not apply to 'Quer St., City—Top Bell;' for after we bought it, it strikes us that it might be claimed by some previous owner.

Art and literature are both but scantily represented in these advertisements; but we subjoin a couple of really valuable specimens. The first emanates from the establishment of a tailor, and has no less an object than to attire our Unknown Tribes in Imperial garments, as well as to familiarise them with the countenances of most of the reigning families of Europe.

FORTY-TWO ENGRAVINGS (36 being *PORTRAITS*) represent the fashionable and most becoming attire for every age and every season, every size, and each occasion, every clime and every station. Thirteen young Princes represent the Clothing for young Gentlemen from three years of age. Twenty-one Emperors, Kings, and Princes represent the Fashionable Clothing for Gentlemen. Her Majesty and the Princess of Wales representing the Fashionable Riding Habits; and six suitable figures represent the Livery Suits. Price of the book 6d. post-free, which sum will be deducted from a purchase.

The second notice is couched not only in the poetical language suitable to its subject, but in verse that may be almost pronounced as Epic. Our only regret is that we have not room for the entire Extract—or (as we should say) Embrocation.

SWEET Poesy, arising from her rosy dreams,
Beholds, superior to all other themes,
One who inspires her truthful votive lays,
Excites her wonder, and compels her praise.
Where ELLIMAN'S famed EMBROCATION gleams,
She hastens swiftly from the land of dreams.

Lo! to mankind in gracious tones she cries,
With love and pity beaming from her eyes, . . .
Why should you still endure Rheumatic Pains?
Why suffer still with Lumbago, Gout, and Sprains?
With Toothache, Chilblains, Chaps so long distressed,
What powers unseen your outstretched hands arrest?
Grasp ELLIMAN'S great EMBROCATION pure—
Powerful to ease, to conquer, and to cure.
When our brave soldiers from our shores went forth,
To battle 'gainst the Despot of the North,
Thrice-armed they went—with sword and carbine true,
And ELLIMAN'S famed EMBROCATION too.

This wondrous Balm enjoys fair fame's sweet smile;
Its name has reached Caprea's sunny isle.
Glorious Italia's bravest, noblest son,
Brave Garibaldi, hears of ELLIMAN;
Receives his EMBROCATION—
&c. &c. &c.

The man who does not appreciate the above has certainly no taste—for humour. Conceive the Hero of Italy going down to posterity with a bottle of this gentleman's Embrocation in one hand, and enthusiastically rubbing some afflicted portion of his frame with the other! The above is the sole poetical advertisement which has rewarded our investigations: we were temporarily deceived by the florid announcement:

WHAT DO THE WILD WAVES SAY NOW?

But the context was prosaic in the extreme. *They say that the 'Fiery Cross' has arrived, bringing some magnificent Kaisow Congous of delicious flavour, and which may now be had at a commission on the import price, of a tea company.*

But the queerest advertisements that are to be found in these remarkable newspapers are, after all, those which relate to the amusements of our secluded friends. We are not certain even now whether the terms in which they are couched are used in fun or in good faith; whether they are honestly supposed by those who insert them to be found in Johnson's Dictionary; or whether (to adopt a favourite phrase with our unknown tribes) they are 'all Walker.'

We will begin with two legitimately funny ones:

ANERLY GARDENS, like *Neugate*, *Professes to be furnished with an ORDINARY. This is a Meal at a fixed Price—not a Clergyman. Dancing every Monday and Saturday in the Enclosed Rotunda.—Delightfully warm.*

Setting aside the liberty taken with the Church, and the want of novelty in the joke, the above is really not bad, considering the stuff that is considered to be Comic by our peculiar Public. What follows, would be amusing anywhere, and deserves quotation from its audacity in endeavouring to extract amusement (now a days) out of the *Edinburgh Review*:

A WILD, HIS-STORY. *An Illustrated Comic Chant by Charles Hall. Sent post-free for twenty-four stamps. 'There is no such a thing as chants.'—Edinburgh Review. 'Finest moral out.'—Educational Monitor. 'I take it.'—Philosophical Mother. 'I chants it.'—Popular Singer. 'The illustrations are quite worthy of anybody.'—Fine Arts Register. 'This song ought to immortalise its composer.'—That's Hall.*

And now let us be sober, and keep our minds as clear as may be among the 'Elephant Comic

Vocalists,' the 'Buffo, Sensation, and Characteristic Vocalists,' and (Heaven save the mark!) the 'Shakespearean Negro Artists.' What is the meaning of these terms, if they ever had any, and to whom is their invention due? Only listen to this talk of unknown tongues, premising that we only suppress the names and addresses:

WE ARE THE PEOPLE. *Mr and Mrs Nomatter, Sentimental, Serio-comic, and Comic Character Soloists, Duologists, &c. Now appearing at New Music Hall, Countytown, with unbounded success. Fourth and fifth call nightly. [One would think they were doctors in good practice.] At liberty, February 1, for one month. N.B.—First-class References and Good Collection.*

If this gentleman and lady are, as they state, 'the People,' it is high time we should know something about them, besides their very peculiar phraseology. What is't they do? Who goes to see them do it? How much do they get a night?

MISS PENELOPE JONES, *Sentimental, Serio-comic, and Sensation Vocalist, now at the People's Hall, So-and-so; opens at the Hen and Chickens, Somewhereelse. At liberty, February 3. 'Howling Swell' nightly.*

I think I should like that (for once) better than the Opera.

WANTED, a Serio-comic Lady. No Stamps. Three Days' Silence a Negative. *Miss Adelina Perkins may write; address, Theatre Royal, Bricksville.*

Here are two advertisements in which the real names are retained:

MESSRS OATES AND ALBERT DE VOY, *the Great Niggers, now performing with Unabated Applause at So-and-so.*

ALBERT DE VOY, *the Original, Eccentric, Sensational Comic and Dancer. . . . At once became a favourite, having to appear four or five times each turn, at Somewhereelse. N.B.—Albert de Voy, the original Comic, 'not the Negro!'*

Conceive there being two popular favourites of this very singular name, and our never before having heard of either of them! One of them seems to have been hinting that Black is White, and has to suffer this public contradiction. It is sad to see even 'stars' at variance.

MESSRS TATE AND BRADY, *Duologue Character Artists and Champion Swordsmen, with their Wonderful Dogs Montargis and St Bernard, are now at liberty.*

So also is that *Star Versatile Comique, Alf. Onslow.* Very much the reverse is the case with *The Cleopatra of Serio-comic Artists, Miss Kate Binks, who is engaged till August;* which seems a singular way of stating a young lady's engagement. The *Bounding Brothers of the Black Forest* seem also much in demand.

Among the *Wanted*, and likely to be *Wanted*, if the advertiser is looking for us to apply for his situation, is *One Lion-tamer to perform with Lions. Also One Tent-master and Seven Men to go on the Continent* (we suppose with a menagerie or circus).

WANTED, to open immediately, for a first-class Free-and-Easy, a Young Lady Pianist, to live in the House. *To a suitable person, this will be a comfortable home.*

Surely, here is a chance for a young woman of spirit, much preferable to being a governess in a serious family at L.40 a year; and consider the

opportunity, if, in addition to piano-playing, she has any talent for putting into writing the result of her experiences! An English lady has lately given us an account of the private life of an eastern despot, including 'interiors' of his Harem; but what are they, in point of mystery, to the details of existence at a Free-and-Easy! We acknowledge with humiliation and shame that we do not even rightly know what a Free-and-Easy is. We shrewdly suspect, however, that it has something to do with the following advertisement, also addressed, one would imagine, to a rather exceptional class of person:

WANTED, an A1 Chairman; to open immediately, No Stamp. Silence a negative. Mr Beau Nash may write.

We may conclude that the gentleman required must be able to drink a good deal of spirits; to use a microscopic hammer; and to propose the health of the Royal Family in rounded periods. Do broken-down masters of Ceremonies at our fashionable watering-places come then at last to this? And is there some recognised publicans' Lloyd's at which 'chairmen' are classed A1 and otherwise? Finally, what does the advertiser mean by 'no stamp'? Is it possible that the Chancellor of the Exchequer ever placed a tax upon this article, as being one of luxury, and that he has of late been induced to remit it?

Wanted, a Partner. For life? No. One, on the contrary, whose profession is likely to lead to his or her speedy extinction. *One that can tumble and mount the Trapeze.* Did you ever? There is not one word about the capabilities of the advertiser who may be as common-place a character as you or I, or even have the gout in his extremities! In a calling of this precarious nature, I should think the position of Sleeping Partner was even more preferable than usual. However, all persons are not so unadventurous or lazy as ourselves, it seems.

WANTED, to learn Step-dancing and Hornpipe. State Lowest Terms and Particulars. H. B., Royal Exchange.

The idea of a commercial man—as we cannot, from his (genuine) address, but suppose that H. B. is—wanting to learn the Hornpipe! Perhaps some eccentric and exacting young lady has bidden her swain accomplish this difficult feat, in order to prove the depth of his affection! Perhaps it is Lord Brougham himself, who has suddenly recollected that he knows everything except the hornpipe, and is desirous to repair the omission. Nothing that can be imagined is too unlikely to account for this abnormal desire.

The advertisements of the music-halls, which seem to be by far the most favourite places of amusement with our undiscovered friends, are exceedingly grandiloquent. 'The Great' Jones, or 'the Great' Robinson, attract their thousands nightly. 'All the Talent in London' is engaged at each of them; and *Ri-fum-ti-fum* and *Ko-ko-ri-ko* are two of the names of the entertainments in which that Talent is employed.

Let us now take one peep behind the scenes of the more legitimate drama, ere we let down our curtain.

THEATRE-ROYAL So-and-so. A whole Company wanted.

Here has evidently been a slight disagreement

between manager and artistes. It is as though Her Majesty's Servants of the Privy Council had been all sent packing, and nothing but a Clerk of the Hanaper (whatever that may be) and a Black Rod or two were left to carry on the business of the State.

WANTED, a *Leading Gentleman with a Right of Manuscript Pieces*; also a *few Useful People*. *Stars literally treated with. Two Clog-men may write: also Concert-room Talent.*

How very cavalierly the 'few Useful People,' so invaluable in real life, are thrown in! The clog-men who 'may write' are those wooden-shoed gentry who make such a dreadful clatter with their double-shuffles.

WANTED, a *First Old Man*. *To save Time, state Terms and References.*

If this is the curt way in which old age is treated by theatrical managers, even in its highest representatives, how objectionable must be the nature of their transactions with a Second or Third Old Man!

WANTED, a *competent Leading Gentleman, and a few Useful People* [again], for a *first-class Portable Theatre*. *Those accustomed to Portable Theatres preferred. Terms—shares.*

Would it be indecorous to inquire whether a Portable Theatre is a euphemism for a Booth? or whether a company which is 'accustomed to it' are not what the public understand by strolling players?

WARDROBE.—A *Leading Gentleman, retiring from the Stage, wishes to dispose of his Entire Wardrobe.*

We only trust that this gentleman will not have his wishes gratified; or that, having disposed of his 'Entire Wardrobe,' he will not only retire from the stage, but also from public life, otherwise let him beware of the police.

Among the dramatic profession, there does not seem to be an excess of sentiment, or, at least, it does not make too prominent an appearance in their advertisements: its professors keep a steady eye to the main chance, and a very poor one, alas! it seems to be. Still, we very much doubt if the following is not an offer of marriage, couched in professional terms. We cannot help thinking that 'To Lady Amateurs,' means, in the language of everyday life, 'to ladies of independent means and without encumbrance.' At all events, the advertiser does not think *vin ordinaire* of himself:

TO LADY AMATEURS.—A *Gentleman occupying a high Position as a Leading Actor, is about to commence his Provincial Starring Tour, and is consequently enabled to offer a First-class Amateur Lady, desiring an opportunity of improvement under the best conditions, the advantage of playing a series of principal Characters, together with the tuition of a thoroughly competent Instructor.*

Finally:

WANTED, *Two Serio-comic Ladies for the Cholton Museum.*

Beyond this, we cannot go. To add any other advertisement would be a Bathos. Are these ladies required alive or dead? If alive, why put them in a museum? If dead—unless we except that terrible grin often seen on the lips of a Mummy—how can they be *serio-comic*?

Since the foregoing was written, our attention

has been drawn to the advertisements of two very remarkable dramatic spectacles, one of which, at least, we should imagine was almost without a parallel, even among our Undiscovered Tribes.

The first informs them that at the Great National Standard Theatre, Shoreditch, the Transformation Scene of the Pantomime will have the benefit of science in the shape of *Herr Kosenov's Patent Steam Shaft*, and that the scenery will include a most truthful representation of a village green, *with live Cattle grazing and live Sheep in the sheep-fold.*

The second conveys the curious intelligence that at the *Royal Britannia Theatre, Hoxton*, the *Survivors from the wreck of the 'London'* have kindly consented, for one week only, to appear nightly upon the stage.

MIRK ABBEY.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE LETTER FROM PARIS.

It is the morning after the Derby Day, and Sir Richard, who has never had a shilling upon that national event, yet reads with interest the prose-poem upon the subject in the *Times*, over the breakfast-table, and even favours Letty—which is so unusual a piece of graciousness, that it almost suggests the idea of making amends for something—with extracts from the same, aloud. He and his sister are alone at the morning meal, for my Lady, as is often the case now, has had her tea and dry toast sent up to her in her own room, as also a couple of letters—one from Arthur Haldane, and one with the Paris post-mark, and in a foreign hand.

'Lord Stonart is said to have netted forty thousand pounds: just think of that, Letty.'

'Yes, Richard; but then think of the poor people that lost it.'

'Poor people should not bet,' returned the baronet severely. 'I am sorry for Mr Chifney, since, if he had not quarrelled with his Lordship, the winner would have come out of his stables. As it was, he very nearly accomplished it with that French horse *Menelaus*—a success which I should, as an Englishman, have much deplored.'

'Dear me! was not that the horse in which Walter was so much interested?'

'I am sure I don't know, Letty. I should think my brother had no money to spare for the race-course, under present circumstances: he could surely never be such a fool.'

'Very likely not, Richard. I never said a word about his risking money; I only said he was "interested."'

'Ah!' rejoined the baronet significantly, 'I dare say;' and then he began to whistle, as was not unusual with him when thoroughly displeased. Presently, however, recollecting that this was not a sociable sort of thing to do, Sir Richard abruptly observed: 'Mamma had a letter from Paris this morning, and in a foreign hand; I wonder who her correspondent is. I do not think she has heard from abroad since immediately after our poor father's death. Then I remember several of her old French friends wrote to her.'

'I hope it is no ill news of any kind, for I am getting quite anxious about dear mamma, Richard. Ever since Christmas last, she has seemed to get more and more depressed.'

'I have only observed it lately,' answered the baronet, rather stiffly; 'and I am sure we have not far to look for the reason.—By the by, there was a letter for her from Arthur Haldane also.'

'Oh! was there?' said Letty carelessly, but turning a lively pink. Then after a short pause, during which the baronet resumed his paper: 'If you will not have another cup of coffee, Richard, I think I will go up and see mamma.'

At that moment, the door opened, and my Lady herself entered the room. Her cheeks were ashy pale, but her eyes were beaming with excitement, and the hand in which she held an open letter trembled as she spoke. 'Oh, I have got such good news, Richard!'

'What! from Arthur?' cried Letty. 'Ah! I thought he would arrange everything as it should be.'

Sir Richard frowned, and seemed about to speak, but did not do so.

'Yes, I have heard from Arthur too,' said my Lady; 'and very satisfactorily, although, perhaps, there may be matters which may require my presence in town for a day or two.'

'You may always command my services, mother: I can start at five minutes' notice,' said Sir Richard gravely.

'No, my dear boy; if I have to go at all—which is not certain—I shall certainly go alone, or rather with nobody but Mary. You will be full of preparations for your *fête*, I know, for one only comes of age once in one's lifetime; and besides, to tell you the truth, you would be of no use at all.' Here she kissed him tenderly, and pushed her fingers through his brown curls lingeringly, as though she was already wishing him farewell. 'But the good news I speak of is a much more selfish affair than you dream of. I have had a letter from my dear old friend, Madame de Castellan, who used to be so good to me when I was no older than you, Letty, at Dijon.'

'I remember her,' said Sir Richard. 'She came to stay at the Abbey when I was about nine, did she not, and took such a fancy to dear old Belcomb? She said that she and I would marry so soon as I got old enough, and set up an establishment in the little cottage. A charming old lady, with snow-white hair, but a slight deficiency of teeth.'

'Just so,' answered my Lady. 'She always vowed she would have nothing false about her, as long as she lived, and she is alive now, and apparently very hearty. But she has had some money losses, as well as certain domestic misfortunes, which induce her to seek an entire change of life. It is a most singular thing that you should have recollected her passion for Belcomb, for it is about that very place that she has written. She wishes to know whether she could be our tenant there, at all events for the summer. The matter is in your hands, Richard, or will be so in a week or two, but I confess I should like to have her for a neighbour exceedingly.'

'Then by all means write and say "Come,"'

cried the baronet; 'and why not let her have Belcomb rent free? I dare say she would not mind our having our picnics there occasionally; and it is really no loss to me, for I don't believe anybody but herself would dream of taking it, except in the shooting season.'

'Then that is arranged,' answered my Lady joyfully. 'I am to write by return of post,' she says; 'and if the letter says "Yes," that then we may expect her any day. She will bring her own French maid; and I will drive over to-day, and arrange about old Rachel and her husband, who, of course, must be no losers, if they have to leave. That must be Madame's own affair, if she is really to have the place for nothing. See how affectionately the dear old lady writes, and what a capital hand, considering her advanced age!'

'Yes, indeed,' said Sir Richard, elevating his eyebrows: 'only, to say the truth, I am not good at French manuscript.'

'Although a master of that language, when in printed books,' interrupted Letty.

'Well, the fact is they didn't teach that sort of thing at Eton in my time,' answered the baronet frankly; 'or, at all events, they didn't teach *me*. However, French is not so bad as German, that I will say. One can pronounce it without speaking from the pit of one's stomach.'

'Yes, one can—after a fashion,' laughed Letty a little scornfully; but her elder brother seemed resolved to take all her bantering in good part that morning, as the imperial lion will sometimes tolerate the gambols of a companion kitten. 'I don't think, however,' she continued, 'Madame de Castellan, who comes from Paris, will quite understand *you*, Richard.—How nicely she speaks of Mary, mamma. Why, how comes she to know so much about *her*?''

'Why, when I went to Dijon, before my marriage, Mary Forest went with me, you know, and remained there several years.'

'Ah, yes, of course; I had forgotten.'

'And when we were at the—the college,' continued my Lady, with a slight tinge of colour, 'Madame took pity upon us both, being foreigners, and was kind to us beyond all measure. Many a happy day have we passed in her pretty château together; and indeed I think I owe my Parisian pronunciation—of which you seem to make so much, Letty—at least as much to Madame de Castellan as to my paid teachers. She never could speak English, if you remember, Richard; everything she addressed to you had to be translated.'

'Dear me,' answered the baronet hastily, 'I don't like that. I hope she has learned English since then. It places one in a very humiliating position to be talked to in a language one does not understand; unless you can treat the person as a savage, which, to say the truth, I always feel inclined to do.'

'Well, Richard,' said my Lady smiling, 'if I am not at your elbow when Madame de Castellan calls, there will be always Letty here, who is cunning in such tongue-fence, to protect you; but, as a matter of fact, we shall see my poor old friend but very seldom. She is a good deal broken, I fear, by time, and still more by trouble'—here my Lady's own voice began to quaver a little—and all she seems to desire is quiet and seclusion, before her day of rest at last shall dawn.'

'She will be very welcome,' answered Sir Richard tenderly. 'I hope that you will cause

everything for her comfort to be looked to at Belcomb, and I will again repeat my orders to Rinkel that the place is to be kept quite free from trespassers.'

He rose and kissed his mother, then, as he left the room, delayed with his fingers on the door-handle, saying: 'Have Walter and—and his wife consented to be present at my Coming of Age?'

'Certainly, dear Richard: they will both be very pleased to come—nay, Arthur thinks that they may return to the Abbey immediately. It is scarcely worth while for them to take a house, or rather lodgings, at Canterbury, since they are to be here so soon. Walter has leave now, it seems, and there will be no difficulty in getting it prolonged almost indefinitely: he can do anything he likes with his colonel, you know, as indeed'—

'Exactly,' interrupted Sir Richard drily. 'Then I suppose they will be back in a few days.' And with that he placed the door between himself and the threatened eulogy upon Master Walter.

'Was there any particular message for me, mamma?' inquired Letty demurely.

'From Walter? No, dear. He sent his love to us all; but of course he feels a little embarrassed, and perhaps scarcely understands that he has been forgiven. Oh, I forgot: you meant was there any particular message from Arthur Haldane, you exacting little puss! Why, he only left us yesterday morning! But don't be vexed, my darling. You have won the love of a man who knows your worth almost as well as I do. He may not be so brilliant or so handsome as our darling Walter—and indeed who is?—but I must say he has shewn much better taste in choosing a wife. He has both wisdom and goodness, my darling child, and I firmly believe your future happiness is assured.'

'Yes, dearest mother, I do believe it; but'—Here Letty's eyes began not only to sparkle, but to distil pearls and diamonds in the most lavish and apparently uncalled-for profusion.

'Why, what is the matter now, my love?' inquired my Lady.

'Nothing, mamma—nothing at least that I should have thought it worth while to tell you, had I not been overcome by your kind words. I know you have got troubles enough of your own; I did not mean to tell you, indeed I did not; I tried to forget it myself. Only last night, after you had gone to bed, Richard sat up with me talking about his future, and it seems he has made some plan for mine. He spoke of Mr Charles Vane as a person he would like to have for a brother-in-law. He bade me be particularly civil to him at the coming *fête*; and when I said that I did not very much care about Mr Vane—and, in fact, that I had already—O mamma, Richard said some very cruel things. He reminded me that one member of the family had already made a disreputable marriage'—

'That was an ungenerous speech, and very unlike my Richard,' interposed my Lady with emphasis. 'Why, he would have married Rose himself.'

'So I have sometimes thought,' replied Letty simply: 'but to do him justice, I think he was referring to the clandestine character of the marriage rather than to the match itself. However, when he used the word disreputable in connection with Arthur Haldane, he made me very angry, I own. I told him that Arthur was worth all the Vanes that had ever been born, whether

there might have been nineteen generations of them (as he boasted) or a hundred and ninety. And I am afraid, dear mamma, that I snapped my fingers, and said I did not care *that*, when he accused dearest Arthur of not having a great-grandfather. At all events, Richard stalked out of the drawing-room vastly offended; and although he has been endeavouring to be extra civil to me this morning, I know that it is only that he may again introduce the very objectionable subject of Mr Charles Vane; and when I say "No" with decision, as of course I shall do, I fear that he may take it upon himself to write to Arthur; and then, dearest mother, the Haldanes are so proud, you know, that I don't know what may happen.'

Strange as it may seem, there had flitted across my Lady's face during this recital a look of something like Relief—for it surely could not have been Satisfaction—but it speedily gave place to that expression of distress that had become only too habitual to her once serene and comely features. Perhaps, accustomed to mischance as she now was, she had expected even more unwelcome news, and had felt momentarily thankful matters were no worse; but now all was gloom again.

'You were quite right to tell me this, Letty, even though it does give me a new cause for grief. If I know Arthur Haldane, he will not desert his betrothed wife on account of any slight that may be put upon him by any other human being. You may be quite at ease about that, I am very sure. But these dissensions and disagreements among my own children—I know it is not your fault, dear Letty—but I feel that I cannot bear up under them. You will not have me with you here much longer.'

'O mamma—dear, dear mamma, how selfish it was of me thus to afflict you further. But don't, don't talk like that. What should we do without you—you the sole bond that unites your boys together: and I? O mother, what would become of me? You don't know how I love you.'

'Yes, darling, I do. You are tender-hearted as you are dutiful. And my boys, to do them justice, they love me too; but they are wearing me into my grave. At least, I feel it would be far better if I were lying there.'

'O mamma, mamma,' sighed Letty, covering my Lady's tearful face with kisses, 'you will break my heart if you talk so.'

'You will have somebody better able to take care of you even than I, dear child, when I am gone. And I will see that it is so. Yes, I will leave directions behind me—you will find them in my desk, Letty; remember this, should anything happen to me—about that matter as well as other things. Richard will respect my wishes in such a case, I know, and will offer no opposition.'

'But dearest mother, do you feel ill,' cried Letty in an agony, 'that you talk of such things as these? Let us send for the doctor from Dalwynch. How I wish that Arthur's father could be prevailed on to come and see you! O mamma! I would rather die than you, although I am sure I am not half so fit for death!'

'Dear child, dear child!' sobbed my Lady. 'It will be a bitter parting indeed for both of us—when the time comes. Perhaps it may not be so near at hand as I feared. In the meantime, rest assured, love, that if I feel a doctor can do me any good, he shall be sent for at once. But it is the mind, and not the body, which has need of medicine.—There,

dry your eyes, and let us hope for the best. You will drive over with me this afternoon, will you not, to Belcomb? There is no time to lose in getting things ready there for our new tenant.'

CHAPTER XXVII.—MADAME DE CASTELLAN.

Upon the fourth day after the reception of her Paris letter, my Lady had to leave Mirk for town on business connected with Walter's affairs—for, after all, she cannot permit his elder brother to bear the whole brunt of these unexpected expenses. Her visit was to the family lawyer, and she went alone save for the attendance of Mistress Forest. Under any circumstances, she would rather it were thus, she repeats, even if the preparations going on at Mirk did not take up so fully Sir Richard's time, and render his accompanying her out of the question. For this Coming of Age was a case wherein surely a man might busy himself even though the whole affair was to be held in his own honour; the very name of Lisgard being in a manner at stake, and obnoxious to censure, if everything should not be on a fitting scale and perfect of its kind; nay (though certainly more remotely), might not the Great Principle of Territorial Aristocracy have been almost said to be upon its trial upon the coming occasion? The business must have been pressing indeed, remarked the baronet a little pointedly, that took the mistress of Mirk from home at such an important epoch; and he thought in his heart that his mother might have put off this signature of a few parchments until after the fête-day. However, it was plain that my Lady considered the call to town imperative, since she started thither upon the very morning of the day on which her old friend Madame de Castellan had appointed to reach Belcomb; and although she hoped to be able to return on the ensuing afternoon, in company with Walter and his wife, whose marriage had been in the meantime publicly announced, it was not certain that her affairs could be transacted within such time as would permit her to do so. And so it unfortunately turned out. About an hour after luncheon, the carriage having been despatched from the Abbey to the Dalwynch station just so long as would admit of its return with its expected inmates, the sound of wheels was heard in the avenue, and both Sir Richard and Letty felt the colour come into their cheeks. Each imagined that it was the Return of the Prodigal (in this case rendered more embarrassing by the fact of his bringing his wife with him). Suppose their mother should have been prevented from accompanying Captain and Mrs Lisgard! How very awkward and disconcerting would this first interview be; and especially for the poor baronet, who had never seen Rose, at least to his own knowledge, as a married woman. His brother's bride, too! Sir Richard rather repented for that minute or two that he had made such a point of the young couple returning to Mirk so soon. He felt quite grateful to his sister when she placed her hand upon his arm, and whispered: 'Had we not better go out to meet them, Richard?' At any other time, he would perhaps have resented her offer to share the duties of host; for was it not his place, and his alone, to bid guests welcome to Mirk Abbey? But upon this occasion he accepted it gladly; and it was lucky for him he did.

Instead of the gay barouche and glistening steeds

from his own stables, he beheld, when he reached the hall steps, the Dalwynch fly—for the little town only boasted of one such conveyance—a yellow single-seated machine, which had once been proud to call itself a post-chaise, and been whirled through the air by panting wheelers and leaders; but it was now dragged along by animals so melancholy and slow, that but for their colour and shortness of tail, they might have been hearse-horses; while the driver had a lugubrious expression too, as befitted one who felt that he should never buckle on his single spur again, or crack his whip in triumph, as he came up the street of the county town at a hand-gallop. But the tenant of this vehicle was a far more old-world-looking object than itself or its belongings; a very ancient and silver-haired lady, looking almost double even as she sat, and only able, painfully, to alight from her carriage by aid of Mr Roberts's arm and a crutched stick. Her complexion was an agreeable gingerbread; she had not above three teeth, which, however, were very white ones, left in either jaw; and her head shook from side to side with the palsy of extreme old age. But despite these disadvantages, she had by no means an unpleasant expression; and Sir Richard, with his fête-day running in his head, was somehow reminded of one of those beneficent old fairies, who, at considerable personal inconvenience, used to make a point of being present at the christening, marriage, and other important occasions in the life of the young prince with whose royal mother they had been such great friends in years gone by. He hurried down the steps to offer his arm to this strange visitor, and bid her respectful welcome.

'Madame de Castellan, for I think it can be no one else,' said he; 'it is most kind of you to treat us thus. We ought to have been at Belcomb ourselves by this time, instead of your being here, and indeed we should have been there yesterday, had my mother been at home; but important business has taken her to London, and I much regret to say that she has not even yet returned, although we are expecting her every minute.'

Either the exertion of alighting, or the reception of this unexpected news, set the poor old lady shaking to that degree, that it seemed a wonder that she did not shake to pieces. She fell to kissing Letty, doubtless partly from affection, but also perhaps as an excuse for not immediately commencing the ascent of those dreadful stairs.

'You don't either of you remember me, I dare say,' mumbled she in the French tongue.

Sir Richard, smiled and bowed, as being the safest reply he could frame to a question of which he understood nothing.

'Ah, Heaven, he does!' cried the old lady with evident delight. 'That is an excellent young man; and yet he was but a very little boy. And Miss Letty? No, she does not remember—how should she? she was too young! And Walter—the pretty boy, so *spirituel*, with his black velvet frock and short sleeves tied with scarlet ribbon—where was he? What! grown up and married? Was it possible! How time had flown; alas, alas! And the good Dr Haldane and his wife, was he here as much as usual; clever sarcastic little gentleman?'

Not even the allusions to their own childhood gave Richard and his sister so vast a notion of the time that had elapsed since Madame de Castellan's previous visit to the Abbey, as this last remark of hers; for the occurrence which had shut out the

good doctor from the Abbey had happened so long ago that it was almost legendary; and they were so accustomed to his absence, that they could not picture to themselves the state of things to which this patriarchal old lady referred as a matter of course. As for Mrs Haldane, they had heard of the existence of such a person, and that was all. That good woman had not made much noise in the world when she was alive, and she had been among the Silent now for more than eleven years. How far back were the explanations to begin, thought Letty and her brother, that would make this female Rip Van Winkle *au fait* with the present order of things?

But the old Frenchwoman was fortunately not nearly so anxious to be answered as she was to talk, a feat which she accomplished with much more distinctness than could have been expected, notwithstanding that Sir Richard subsequently ascribed to her paucity of teeth the fact that he only understood about two words out of her every five.

It was very amusing to watch the poor young baronet listening with fruitless diligence to her rapid syllables, and then turning an imploring glance upon his sister and sworn interpreter for aid and rescue. He was obliged upon two occasions to frame some halting reply with his own lips; once when Madame openly complimented him upon his good looks and gallant bearing; and secondly, when she thanked him for the readiness with which he had placed the cottage at Belcomb at her disposal; but for the rest, the burden of conversation rested upon Letty.

'And how is Marie—how is the good Marie, who was to your dear mamma like a servant and a sister in one?' asked the old lady, when they had got her with some difficulty into the drawing-room.

'She is well, Madame; but in some trouble about a certain suitor, whom' (here she pouted a little) 'Sir Richard here considers to be undesirable.'

Madame raised her rather shaggy eyebrows, and looked towards the young baronet as if for an explanation. He knew that they were speaking of Mistress Forest, and that was all.

'An admirable person,' said he earnestly; 'most trustworthy in every way. We have all cause to be more than satisfied.'

'Ah, then he does not object after all!' exclaimed Madame triumphantly.—'And Master Walter—what sort of a wife has he got? Beautiful? That is well; it would be a pity if it were otherwise. And clever? Excellent! And also good, I hope?'

'Well, Madame, she will be here in a minute, so that you may judge for yourself,' answered Letty smiling, but by no means displeased to hear the crouch of carriage-wheels upon the gravel of the terraced drive. These home questions concerning her new sister-in-law were getting rather difficult to answer, and especially in Richard's presence.

'Will your mother be with them?' inquired Madame, gathering from the faces of her companions, rather than from any sound which could have reached her tardy ears, that the arrival of those expected was imminent.

'As I said before, Madame, I cannot promise; but I sincerely trust, for your sake—as, indeed, for her own—that it may be so. I am sure mamma will deeply grieve to have missed you.'

The next moment, Captain and Mrs Lisgard were

announced. Richard walked straight up to Rose, and taking her hand in his best Sir Roger de Coverley manner, bade her frank but stately welcome. Then, 'How are you, Walter?' said he, giving his brother's fingers an earnest squeeze, and simulating cordiality all he could. 'Here is a very old friend of our mother's, Madame de Castellan, who remembers you in a velvet frock with short sleeves and cherry-coloured ribbons.'

For the first time, Sir Richard blessed this old lady's presence, which was so greatly mitigating to him the difficulties of this dreaded interview; but Walter appeared to be but little embarrassed; less so, indeed, than Madame herself, who, overcome, doubtless, by the strong resemblance to his mother in the young man now presented to her, began to tremble again almost as much as she had done a while ago.

'And this is Master Walter,' said she in broken tones. 'I think I should have known that without any introduction.' Here she held him with both her hands at arms' length. 'I suppose, now, you do not remember me at all?'

'Madame,' returned the young man in bad French, but briskly enough, and with a very pleasant smile, 'I cannot say I do. Little folks in velvet frocks have very bad memories. But I have often heard my dear mother speak of you most affectionately; indeed, she wrote to me of your expected arrival at Belcomb with greater pleasure than I have known her to take in anything for years.'

'Except your marriage, Mister the Captain, eh?' returned the old lady archly. 'Come, introduce me to your lovely bride. Ah, Heaven, what a young couple! Well, I like to see that—I who might be the great-grandmother of both of you.—How are you, Madame Walter? What do they call you?' Rose! Ah, a charming name.'

But though the name was so charming, and the young lady was so lovely, Madame de Castellan did not take her to her arms and embrace her as she had taken Letty. Indeed, if it was possible for Rose to look disconcerted, she would have done so now, as she stood with cast-down eyes, exposed to the same steady scrutiny as her husband had just been subjected to; but there was by no means so much affection in the old lady's gaze on this occasion. When she had regarded her sufficiently, she dismissed her with a patronising tap upon the head, and once more addressed herself to Walter.

'And what have you done with your mamma, sir?' 'I have done nothing, Madame,' answered he laughing. 'She has never given me the chance of making away with her, if it is of that you suspect me; for she never came to see us in town at all. We were to meet at the station this morning, but she was not there. I am afraid, therefore—for she dislikes travelling at night—that we shall not see her before this time to-morrow.'

Master Walter was in very different cue from that in which we saw him last. The burden of his difficulties had been lifted from his shoulders, at all events for the present. He had been saved at least from Ruin, and that, though he might be henceforth compelled to live the life of a poor man, was a matter of congratulation; just as one is thankful, in shipwreck upon the desolate seas, to land on even a barren rock. His spirits were always buoyant, and they were now asserting themselves after a period of severest pressure. In short, Master Walter was himself again—good-humoured,

graceful, and as desirous as well fitted to please all with whom he came into contact. It was plain that he had made a complete conquest of this old Frenchwoman.

'And Marie, have you hidden *her* anywhere, you naughty boy!'

'Not I, Madame. If you saw her, you would understand that she is not easily hidden. You remember her plump, I daresay; but plump is now no word for her. Even love—and she is love-sick, poor thing, at five-and-forty, or so—does not render her less solid.'

'Ah, wicked, to laugh at Love!' replied the old lady, holding up a reproving finger, of whose shape and whiteness she was evidently proud, and not altogether without reason; 'and worse still, to laugh at Mary. I love that dear Mistress Forest; and mind you, tell mamma, if ever she parts with her, that she is to come straight to me. What would I not give for a waiting-maid like that—devoted, prudent, to whom I could confide my little love-affairs!—Why do you laugh, rude children? It is, I see, time that I should go.—Seriously,' continued she, when the chorus of dissatisfaction had died away (for every one except, perhaps, Rose, was pleased with this sprightly old lady, and all felt her presence to be, under the circumstances, an immense relief), 'I must be going home at once.—Thank you kindly, Sir Richard, but to stay to dinner is impossible. The night-air, at my time of life—more even than "five-or-forty or so," Mister the Captain—is very unwholesome. You must all come and lunch with me shortly. A *fête champêtre* upon the—what is it you call it?—Lisgard Folly. You will give this kiss to mamma for me, Miss Letty, and tell her I must see her to-morrow—no, the day after, for she will be tired. I will not have any of you young people on that day. I shall wish to talk to her alone about so many things. Will you please to ring for my—that droll conveyance which you call *mouche*—"fly?"—Adieu, Madame Walter; take care of your handsome husband, for I have fallen in love with him.—Adieu to you, naughty boy.—Now, Sir Richard, if you will give me your arm, by the time we get to the front door, and down these dreadful steps, the *mouche* will be at the door, though he walk slow, as though he had just escaped out of treacle.'

As the pair made their way to the hall, at the pace of chief-mourners, Madame de Castellan, to Richard's surprise and joy, began, for the first time, to speak in broken English. 'Your mother is very fond of you all,' said she; 'I hope you are fond of her.'

'I hope so indeed, Madame: we should be very ungrateful if we were not.'

'That is well, young man. Be good to her, for our mothers are obliged to leave us, you know, long before we go ourselves.'

'God forbid, Madame, that we should lose her these many years,' answered the baronet fervently.

'Yes, yes; but mind this,' answered the old lady testily, as she climbed into the *mouche*, 'that if Mistress Forest should want a place—here am I at Belcomb, very glad to receive her. Good-bye.'

Sir Richard, thunder-struck, stared at the slowly departing vehicle like one in a dream. 'I never heard such a speech,' soliloquised he—'never. Can that old harridan be really calculating upon my mother's death giving her a new lady's-maid? How selfish is extreme old age! I could not have believed it possible. How it would have distressed

mamma, could she have heard her. And yet, but for that speech, she seemed an affectionate and kindly old creature enough. I have often heard that Frenchwomen have no hearts, but only manners—and I suppose that so it is.'

PROVINCIAL MUSEUMS.

THE formation of local museums has constantly been advocated by the highest scientific authorities; but notwithstanding all that has been written and said on the subject, there are as yet very few provincial towns in England which can boast of possessing a museum where the naturalist can study a complete series of specimens illustrating the geology and mineralogy of the surrounding district, or where the antiquary can see those relics of former ages which may at different times have been discovered in the neighbourhood.

Our provincial museums in general contain nothing but a heterogeneous mixture of curiosities, brought from all the four quarters of the globe; and if any specimens of local interest are comprised in the collection, they are either so much in the minority, or so intermixed with the miscellaneous productions of foreign lands, as to be rendered comparatively useless for purposes of reference.

The late Professor Edward Forbes, in one of his lectures, most admirably sketched the prevailing character of provincial museums. He says: 'When a naturalist goes from one country into another, his first inquiry is for local collections. He is anxious to see authentic and full cabinets of the productions of the region he is visiting. He wishes, moreover, if possible, to study them apart—not mingled up with general or miscellaneous collections—and distinctly arranged with special reference to the region they illustrate. . . . In almost every town of any size or consequence, he finds a public museum; but how often does he find any part of that museum devoted to the illustration of the productions of the district? The very feature which of all others would give interest and value to the collection, which would render it most useful for teaching purposes, has in most instances been omitted, or so treated as to be altogether useless. Unfortunately, not a few country museums are little better than raree-shows. They contain an incongruous accumulation of things curious, or supposed to be curious, heaped together in disorderly piles, or neatly spread out with ingenious disregard of their relations. The only label attached to nine specimens out of ten is "Presented by Mr or Mrs So-and-so;" the object of the presentation having been, either to cherish a glow of generous self-satisfaction in the bosom of the donor, or to get rid—under the semblance of doing a good action—of rubbish that had once been prized, but latterly had stood in the way. Curiosities from the South Seas, relics worthless in themselves, deriving their interest from association with persons or localities, a few badly-stuffed quadrupeds, rather more birds, a stuffed snake, a skinned alligator, part of an Egyptian mummy, Indian gods,

a case or two of shells, the bivalves single, the univalves decorticated, a sea-urchin without its spines, a few common corals, the fruit of a double cocoa-nut, some mixed antiquities, partly local, partly Etruscan, partly Roman and Egyptian, and a case of minerals and fossils—such is the inventory and about the scientific order of their contents.'

Professor Forbes allowed, however, that several towns in England formed brilliant exceptions to this rule; and during the thirteen years which have elapsed since his lecture was published, it would be unjust to assert that no improvement has taken place.

Every provincial town ought to possess a collection of purely local specimens, and it is to the development of such museums that Professor Forbes looked, more than to anything else, for the future extension of intellectual pursuits throughout the land. Mechanics' clubs and scientific institutions are now so universal, that if the committee or council of each of these clubs were to set apart a small room in their building, or even fit up in their library or reading-room a glass-case for the reception of local specimens, such a collection would very quickly get formed; and not only would it serve to promote the study and love of science amongst the inhabitants of the district in which it is situated, but it would also most materially assist those geologists or antiquaries who may happen to be pursuing some special branch of inquiry, and may therefore be obliged to consult museums in different parts of the country, so as to enable them to compare the productions of one specific locality with those of another.

Thus, in the case of a geologist wishing to study the fossils of some particular district, it is often quite indispensable that he should have a local collection to refer to. The London museums (not excepting even the British Museum) cannot be expected to have a complete suit of specimens labelled and arranged, so as to illustrate the fossil remains, mineral wealth, and antiquarian treasures found in some given area; and if the chief town of the district is also deficient in this respect, by what means can the scientific visitor obtain that knowledge which it is necessary, and in many cases indispensable, for him to possess? He may indeed make the town his head-quarters, and thence take expeditions in different directions, and so endeavour, by traversing the country, to find out for himself as much as it is possible for him to do. But if—as it often happens—his time is limited, this is at the very best an unsatisfactory mode of proceeding; and a survey of this description can be neither a perfect nor exhaustive one.

If, on the other hand, a naturalist has a moderately good local museum to consult, he may, with the aid of a map, learn more in one hour, than by spending a fortnight in a succession of tedious, and perhaps expensive peregrinations, for in such a museum he would see specimens found by resident collectors, who have had the opportunity of noting the particulars of every discovery as soon as it is

made, and who are able to watch carefully the progress and results of every fresh excavation, whether it be in quarries, tunnels, cuttings, drains, wells, or foundations for houses; and thus to accumulate, not only a large number of specimens, but also a quantity of valuable data, such as measurements of sections, drawings of contorted rocks, &c., which it would be impossible for any stranger to obtain for himself in a passing visit.

Suppose a tunnel for a railway is in course of formation. Whilst the work is in progress, a local collector has plenty of opportunities for taking measurements of the various strata through which it is cut, and will often find amongst the *débris* rare and valuable specimens. If these are preserved in a local museum, they become in a few years doubly valuable in the estimation of a geologist; for as soon as the tunnel is finished, and the *débris* carried away to form embankments, the place becomes inaccessible, and not another specimen can be obtained from that locality. The geologist will therefore regard those which are deposited in the museum with a double interest—first, on account of their intrinsic value for purposes of reference; and secondly, because they were found in a situation from which it is impossible that any more can be procured.

Another advantage of a local museum is, that it forms a safe depository, not only for photographs or drawings of neighbouring ruins, ancient camps, abbeys, stone crosses, &c., but also for certain kinds of portable antiquities, such as coins, weapons, seals, or pottery, found in the vicinity, which, if rare, choice, and in a good state of preservation, would otherwise get swallowed up in the omnivorous jaws of the British Museum; or, if less valuable, would probably find their way into the hands of individuals (not collectors), who would keep them for a short time as ornaments for the chimney-piece, only to consign them, when their novelty is gone, to the depths of the lumber-room.

In some places, the naturalist will find a private collector possessing a series of local specimens, arranged so as to make them of the greatest use in illustrating the productions of the neighbourhood; and thus in some degree he will be compensated for the loss of a public museum. In other places, he will find in operation the rival interests of both public and private collectors, each striving to outdo the other. Now, geological and mineralogical specimens are generally to be obtained in sufficient numbers to give both parties a chance of rendering their respective collections equally perfect—provided they use equal diligence in making their search; but when these emulative spirits come to deal with antiquarian relics, it becomes a serious question, to whose care unique specimens should be intrusted—which should carry off the spoil—the public museum, or the cabinet of the private collector.

This point was ably discussed in the course of a correspondence on 'Treasure-trove,' carried on in the columns of the *Times* between two well-known antiquaries, Mr T. G. Faussett, Honorary Secretary

to the Kent Archaeological Society, and Mr J. Evans. The former laid down that any discouragement to private collections 'is a step in the right direction.' The latter strongly urged that to discourage private collections were to 'do away with the principal promoters of that taste for antiquities which the existence of the local historical and antiquarian societies is due.' We are, for our part, convinced of the importance of local museums, whether they are public, or whether they belong to private individuals, and it only remains for us to offer one or two simple hints on the formation of such collections.

If a local museum is to be established in a provincial town, or if one already existing is to be rearranged, it is most necessary, if the space is limited, to begin by making, at the very outset, a stringent rule not to accept any specimen unless it is found within a certain area or district, of which the town should be the centre. This area may be great or small according to circumstances, but for a town, a radius of from ten to fifteen miles will generally be found quite sufficient; or that for a collection in a city might be made co-extensive with the county of which it is the capital. In either case, the map published by the Ordnance Survey should be procured, and the exact limits of the district clearly laid down. This map, hung up in the museum, would not only serve the stranger as a guide to the geography of the neighbourhood, but would also shew at a glance the boundary-line, beyond which specimens cease to be regarded as local. If the space at command is unlimited, all specimens, local and non-local, may be received; but in order to make the collection of any real value, those which are found within the prescribed area should be placed distinctly apart from all the others; they should be put in separate cases; they should be classed separately, and in every way treated as if they belonged to a different collection.

In the same manner, if an old museum is to be rearranged, it may not be possible, or even expedient, to make a clearance of all the non-local specimens, but the best and most satisfactory plan undoubtedly is to break up the existing arrangement, and begin *de novo*, putting together by themselves all those specimens which have been found in the neighbourhood. This apparently simple operation will, however, be found anything but an easy one, if the collection has hitherto been arranged according to a scientific system, and especially difficult if the specimens happen to be numbered with consecutive figures, for then this mode implies not only a complete rearrangement, but also the work of putting fresh numbers or labels to every individual specimen, besides making an amended catalogue. In such a case, the simplest thing to do is, to affix to each local specimen either a card or label bearing some conspicuous and distinctive mark to show its local origin. As an illustration of this mode of pointing out particular specimens, I may refer to the plan which is adopted in the public museum at Bern, where the arrangement of minerals is carried on in a continuous series of cases, extending from one end of the gallery to the other; and in these, minerals from all parts of the world are classified according to a scientific system, totally irrespective of their nationality. As a means, however, of calling especial attention to those specimens which have been found in Switzerland, a red cross, the emblem of

the confederate states, is printed in a conspicuous position on their labels.

The other plan I have mentioned—namely, that of entirely separating the local from the non-local specimens, is best exemplified—though, of course, on a much larger scale—by the collection in the Ferdinandeum, or University Museum, at Innsbruck, where special rooms are set apart to contain all the natural productions of the Tyrol; and the rocks, minerals, and fossils of that most interesting district being arranged with special reference to the geology of the region they illustrate, can thus be studied without any interruption being caused by the miscellaneous collections with which the other parts of the building are occupied.

UNCLE INGOT.

'If ever you or yours get five pounds out of me, madam, before I die, I promise you, you shall have five thousand; and I am a man of my word.' So spoke Mr Ingot Beardmore, drysalter and common-councilman of the city of London, to Dorothea Elizabeth, his widowed sister-in-law, who had applied to him for pecuniary succour about three months after the death of his younger brother Isaac, her husband. There were harshness and stubborn determination enough in his reply, but there was no niggard cruelty. Mrs Isaac wanted money, it is true, but only in the sense in which we all want it. She was only poor in comparison with the great wealth of this relative by marriage. Her income was large enough for any ordinary—Mr Ingot said 'legitimate'—purpose, but not sufficient for sending her boy to Eton, and finishing him off at the universities, as it was the maternal wish to do. Mr Ingot hated such genteel intentions; Christ's Hospital had been a fashionable enough school for him, and he had 'finished off' as a clerk at forty pounds a year in that very respectable house of which he was now the senior partner. With the results of that education, as exemplified in himself, he was perfectly satisfied, and if his nephews only turned out half as well, their mother, he thought, might think herself uncommonly lucky. Her family had given themselves airs upon the occasion of her marrying Isaac—'allying herself with commerce,' some of them called it—and Ingot had never forgiven them. He gloried in his own profession, although government had never seen fit to ennoble any member of it, and perhaps all the more upon that account; for he was one of those Radicals who are not 'snobs' at heart, but rather aristocrats. He honestly believed that noblemen and gentlemen were the lower orders, and those who toiled and strove, the upper crust of the human pie. When he was told that the former classes often toiled and strove in their own way as much as the others, he made a gesture of contempt, and 'blew' like an exasperated whale. It was a vulgar sort of retort, of course, but so eminently expressive, that his opponent rarely pursued the subject.

He rather liked his sister-in-law, in spite of her good birth, and would have, doubtless, largely assisted her had she consented to bring up her

children according to his views; but since she preferred to take her own way, he withdrew himself more and more from her society, until they saw nothing at all of one another. He had no intention of leaving his money away from his brother's children; he had much too strong a sense of duty for that; and as for marriage, that was an idea that never entered into his hard old head. He had not made a fool of himself by falling in love in middle age, as Isaac had done (in youth, he had not time for such follies), and it was not likely that at sixty-five he should commit any such imprudence. So his nephews and nieces felt confident of being provided for in the future. In the present, however, as time went on, and the education of both girls and boys grew more expensive, Mrs Isaac's income became greatly straitened. Her own family very much applauded the expensive way in which she was bringing up her children, and especially her independence of spirit with relation to her tradesman brother-in-law, but they never assisted her with a penny. The young gentleman at Cambridge was therefore kept upon very short allowance; and the young ladies, whose beauty was something remarkable, affected white muslin, and wore no meretricious jewellery. Their pin-money was very limited, poor things, and they made their own clothes at home by the help of a sewing-machine. If Uncle Ingot could have seen them thus diligently employed, his heart would perhaps have softened towards them, but, as I have said, they now never got that chance. Julia, the elder, had been but six years old when he had last called at their highly-rented but diminutive habitation in Mayfair, and now she was eighteen, and had never seen him since. Although she had of course grown out of the old man's recollection, she remembered his figure-head, as she wickedly called his rigid features, uncommonly well; and, indeed, nobody who had ever seen it was likely to forget it. His countenance was not so much human as ligneous; and his profile, Nephew Jack had actually seen upon a certain nobly tree in the lime-walk of Clare Hall at Cambridge—much more like than any silhouette ever cut out of black paper. They had laughed at the old gentleman in early days, and snapped their fingers at his churlishness, but it had become no laughing matter now.

That remark of Uncle Ingot's, 'If ever you or yours get five pounds out of me, madam, before I die, I promise you, you shall have five thousand; and I am a man of my word,' had become a very serious sentence, condemning all the family to, if not Poverty, at least very urgent Want. What it meant of course was, that he was resolutely determined to give them nothing. In vain the young ladies worked for Uncle Ingot slippers and book-markers for his birthday, and sent to him their best wishes at Christmas in Rimmel's highly-scented envelopes; in vain Jack sent him a pound of the most excellent snuff that Bacon's emporium could furnish, at the beginning of every term. He always wrote back a civil letter of thanks, in a clear and clerly letter, but there was never any

enclosure. When Mrs Isaac asked him to dinner, he declined in a caustic manner—avowing that he did not feel himself comfortable at the aristocratic tables of the West End—and sent her a pine-apple for the dessert, of his own growing. He had really no ill-feeling towards his relatives, although he kept himself so estranged from them; but I think this sort of conduct tickled the old gentleman's grim sense of humour. If he could have found some legitimate excuse for 'making it up' with his sister-in-law, within the first year or two of their falling out, perhaps he would have been glad to do so; but time had now so widened the breach that it was not to be easily repaired. What he had satirically written when he declined her invitation, had grown to be true: he rarely went into society, and almost never into the company of ladies, the elder portion of whom he considered frivolous and vexatious, and the younger positively dangerous. He had a few old-bachelor friends, however, with whom he kept up a cordial intercourse, and spent with them various festivals of the year as regularly as they came round.

On the 31st of December, for instance, he never omitted to go down to Reading, and 'see the old year out, and the new year in,' in the company of Tom Whaffles, with whom he had worn the yellow stockings in these school-days that had passed away more than half a century ago. Tom and Isaac had been even greater cronies as boys than Tom and Ingot, but the latter did not like Tom the less upon that account: secretly, I think he esteemed him the more highly as a link between himself and that luckless family whose very existence he yet chose to ignore. Mr Whaffles had intimate relations with them still; they came down to stay with him whenever his sister paid him a visit, and could act as their hostess; but this never happened in the last week of the year. Tom was never to speak of them to his old friend—that was not only tacitly understood, but had even been laid down in writing, as the basis of their intimacy.

On the 31st of December last, Mr Ingot Beardmore found himself, as usual, at the Paddington Station, looking for an empty compartment, for his own company had got to be very pleasing to him. Having attained his object, and rolled himself up in the corner of the carriage in several greatcoats, with his feet upon a hot tin, and his hands clothed in thick mittens, and looking altogether like a polar bear who liked to make himself comfortable—when everything was arranged, I say, to the old gentleman's complete satisfaction, who should invade his privacy, just as the train was about to start, and the whistle had sounded, but one of the most bewitching young ladies you ever set eyes on!

'Madam, this carriage is engaged,' growled he, pointing to the umbrella, carpet-bag, and books, which he had distributed upon all the seats, in order to give it that appearance.

'Only engaged to you, I think, sir,' replied the charmer flippantly. 'Happy carriage! I wish I was. Isn't that pretty?'

Mr Beardmore had never had anything half so shocking said to him in all his life, and if the train had not been already set in motion, he would have called upon the guard for help, and left the carriage forthwith. As it was, he could only look at this shameless young person with an expression of the severest reprobation. At the same time, his heart sank within him at the reflection, that the train

was not to stop till he reached his destination—Reading. What indignities might he not have to suffer before he could obtain protection! She was a modest-looking young lady, too, very simply dressed, and her voice was particularly sweet and prepossessing, notwithstanding the very dreadful remarks in which she had indulged. Perhaps she was out of her mind—and at this idea Mr Ingot Beardmore broke out, notwithstanding the low temperature, into a very profuse perspiration.

'Now, what will you give me for a kiss, you old—you old polar bear?' asked the fair stranger playfully as the train flew by Ealing.

'Nothing, madam, nothing; I am astonished at you,' answered Mr Beardmore, looking anxiously round the carriage in the desperate hope of finding one of those newly-patented inventions for affording communication with the guard.

'Well, then, I'll take one, and leave it to your honour,' continued the young lady with a peal of silver laughter; and with that she lightly rose, and before the old gentleman could free himself from his wraps, or ward her off with his muffetees, she had imprinted a kiss upon his horny cheek. Mr Beardmore's breath was so utterly taken away by this assault, that he remained speechless, but his countenance was probably more full of expression than it had ever been in his life. 'O no, I am not mad,' laughed she in reply to it; 'although I have taken a fancy to such a wonderful old creature. Now, come, if I kiss you again, what will you give me?'

'I shall give you in charge to the police, madam, the instant that I arrive at Reading.'

'Give me in charge! What for, you curious piece of antiquity?'

'For an assault, madam; yes, for an assault. Don't you know that you have no right to kiss people without their consent in this manner?'

Here the young lady laughed so violently that the tears came into her eyes.

'Do you suppose, you poor old doting creature, that anybody will ever believe such a story as that? Do you ever use such a thing as a looking-glass, you poor dear? Are you aware how very unprepossessing your appearance is, even when you don't frown, as you are doing now in a manner that is enough to frighten one? You have, of course, a perfect right to your own opinion, but if you suppose the police will agree with you, you will find yourself much mistaken. The idea of anybody wanting to kiss *you* will reasonably enough appear to them preposterous.'

'What is it you require of me, you wicked creature?' cried the old bachelor in an agony of shame and rage.

'I want payment for my kiss. To a gentleman at your time of life, who scarcely could expect to be so favoured, surely it is worth—what shall I say?—five pounds.—What! not so much? Well, then, here's another for your other cheek.' Like a flash of lightning, she suited the action to her words. 'There, then, five pounds for the two, and I won't take a shilling less. You will have to give it to the poor's-box at the police station, if not to me. For I intend, in case you are obstinate, to complain of *your* disgraceful conduct to the guard at the first opportunity. I shall give you into custody, sir, as sure as you are alive. You will be put upon your oath, you know, and all you will dare to say will be that I kissed you, and not you *me*. What "roars of laughter" there will be in court,

and how funny it will all look in the papers!' Here the young lady began to laugh again, as though she had already read it there. Mr Beardmore's grim sense of humour was, as usual, accompanied by a keen dislike of appearing ridiculous. True, he hated to be imposed upon; still, of the two evils, was it not better to pay five pounds than to be made the laughing-stock of his bachelor friends, who are not the sort of people to commiserate one in a misfortune of this kind?

In short, Mr Ingot Beardmore paid the money. Mr Thomas Whaffles found his guest that evening anything but talkative. There was a select party of the male sex invited to meet him, by whom the rich old drysalter was accustomed to be regarded as an oracle; but upon this occasion he had nothing to say; the consciousness of having been 'done' oppressed him. His lips were tightly sealed; his cheeks were still glowing from the audacious insult that had been put upon them; his fingers clutched the pocket-book in which there was a five-pound note less than there ought to be. But when his host and himself were left alone that night, 'seeing the old year out, and the new year in,' his heart began to thaw under the genial influences of friendship and gin-punch, and he told his late adventure to Tom Whaffles, not without some enjoyment of his own mischance.

'I could really almost forgive the jade,' said he, 'for having taken me in so cleverly. I dare say, however, she makes quite a profession of it; and that half a score of old gentlemen have been coerced before now into ransoming their good name as I did. And yet she was as modest and ladylike looking a girl as ever you saw.'

'Was she anything like *this*?' inquired Mr Whaffles, producing a photograph.

'Why, that's the very girl!' exclaimed the guest.—'Ha, ha! Tom; so *you*, too, have been one of her victims, have you? Well, now, this is most extraordinary.'

'Not at all, my dear fellow. I know her very well; and her sister, and her mother, and her brother too. I can introduce you to her if you like. There's not the least harm in her; bless you, she only kissed you for a bit of fun.'

'A bit of fun!' cried Mr Beardmore. 'Why, she got a five-pound note out of me!'

'But she does not mean to keep it, I am very sure. Would you like to see her again? Come, "Yes" or "No"?''

'If she will give me back my money, "Yes."'

'Very well,' returned the host; 'mind, you asked for her yourself; and he rang the bell pretty sharply twice.'

'Here she is: it's your niece, Miss Julia. Her mother and sister are now staying under this very roof.'

'Yes, uncle,' said the young lady demurely. 'Here is your five-pound note: please to give me that five thousand which you promised mamma if ever she or hers got five pounds out of you; for you are a man of your word, I know. But what would be better still would be, to let me kiss you once more, in the character of your dutiful niece; and let us all love you as we want to do. It was an audacious stratagem, I admit, but I think you will forgive me—come.'

'There go the church-bells!' cried Tom Whaffles. 'It is the new year, and a fitting time to forget old enmities. Give your Uncle a kiss, child.'

Uncle Ingot made no resistance this time, but

avowed himself fairly conquered; and between ourselves, although he made no 'favourites' among his newly-reconciled relatives, but treated them with equal kindness, I think he always liked Niece Julia best, who had been the cause of healing a quarrel which no one perhaps had regretted more at heart than Uncle Ingot himself.

NOTES ON LIONS.

LIONS appear to be monogamous. The lioness carries her young five months, and has two or three at a birth. According to Jules Gerard, the cubs begin to attack animals, as sheep and goats, that stray into their neighbourhood, as early as from eight to twelve months old. About two years old they are able to strangle a horse or camel, and from this time until maturity (about eight years), he adds, they are truly ruinous neighbours. They kill not only to obtain food, but apparently to learn to kill. The age to which lions attain appears doubtful: Pompey, the lion in the Old Tower Menagerie, reached his seventieth year; and fifty years has been sometimes given as the ordinary limit reached by them; but this, most likely, is over the mark. Dr Livingstone has observed that they appear to suffer from loss of teeth as they advance in years. A great number of these animals would appear to have existed in the earlier ages of man's history, and must have presented an important obstacle to the spread of the human race.

Taking Holy Writ as the earliest record to which we now have access, it is remarkable how often the lion is referred to in a figurative manner by the writers. In the original text, we find various names used to distinguish the lion at different periods of his existence. Thus (according to Dr Kitto), we have *gur*, a lion's whelp, as in Jeremiah li. 38, and Ezekiel xix.; *chephir*, a young lion just leaving his parents, the most destructive period of his existence, see Psalm xci., and Ezekiel xix. 3 and 6; *ari*, a young lion having just paired, as in 2d Samuel xvii. 10, and Numbers xxiii. 24; *sachel*, a mature lion, as in Job iv. 10, Hosea v. 14, and Proverbs xxvi. 13; and *laish*, a fierce or black lion, as in Job iv. 10, and Proverbs xxx. 30. Regarding the last expression, we may remark, that black lions—that is, those with a blackish muzzle, and black tips to the hairs of the mane—are to this day accounted the most formidable both in North and South Africa.

Lions appear to have been the object of special worship at Leontopolis in ancient Egypt; and in one of the Egyptian bas-reliefs, to which Sir G. Wilkinson assigns an antiquity of three thousand years, some Egyptians are represented hunting with tame lions, much in the style chetabs are used to this day in the Decan.* If not one of the

animals universally regarded as sacred in ancient Egypt, the lion still seems to have been a universal favourite, for in every possible form of ornament we find the head and claws reproduced in water-spouts, chair-legs, and sword-handles.

M. Gerard has remarked that, in North Africa (besides a considerable destruction of human life), the damage done by carrying off and killing cattle cannot be estimated at a lower figure than three hundred pounds per annum for each lion.

Lions appear to attack game by seizing the flank near the hind-leg, or the throat below the jaw—points which instinct seems quickly to teach dogs of all kinds to assail, when in pursuit of the larger animals. Dr Livingstone, while bearing witness to the enormous strength of the lion, truly wonderful when compared with his size, remarks, however, that all the feats of strength, such as carrying off cattle, that have come under his observation, had been performed by dragging or trailing the carcass along the ground. The tales of lions never devouring game save when killed by themselves, are unfounded. We have ourselves seen a family of lions (they often hunt in families) in the Transvaal territory quarrelling, like a pack of hungry hounds, over the putrid carcass of a horse, which had died of Paardsikté (pleuroneumonia) a few days previously, while the plains around were teeming with those countless herds of migrating game (antelopes and quaggas), of the numbers of which it is so difficult to convey an idea to the fireside traveller.

A point where imagination has wrought wonders is in the matter of the lion's voice. This fancy has been also demolished by Dr Livingstone. 'To talk of the majestic voice of the lion,' he writes, 'is merely so much majestic twaddle. I have never found any one who could fairly distinguish between the roar of the lion and that of the ostrich, although the former appears to proceed more from the chest. To this day,' he adds, 'I am unable to distinguish one from the other, except by knowing that the former roars by night, and the latter by day only.'

Jules Gerard is, however, more enthusiastic in his appreciation of the vocal powers of his favourites. He remarks, that the sound of a lion's voice a league off, appears to an inexperienced observer as if close at hand; and that he has frequently tracked lions at a distance of three leagues (nine miles), by the sound of their voices; he also testifies to a certain musical grandeur in the sound.

Naturalists have generally considered the Asiatic lion as a distinct species from the African, but this appears by no means well decided. There are several varieties of the African lion. The Arabs in North Africa distinguish three—the yellow, the gray, and the black; and M. Gerard states, that while individuals of the two former varieties have been known to roam over immense tracts of country, specimens of the black-maned lion have been found to inhabit one spot for over thirty years. Mr Gordon Cumming, on the other hand, whose opportunities of observing these animals were only second to those of Jules Gerard, states that he

* The ancient Egyptians seem to have been very successful in utilising the *Felina* generally. In several bas-reliefs, fowlers are represented accompanied by cats in place of dogs, and in one, an animal, apparently of that kind, is depicted in the act of retrieving. A tame lion may often be still met with in Cairo, though lions in a state of nature are not found nearer, we believe, than Abyssinia in the present day.

is satisfied that the two varieties of South African lion (the *Vaal*, or yellow, and the *Blaauw* or *Zwaart*, or black) are one and the same species at different ages; that their manes *invariably* become darker as they increase in years; and that the thickness of the coat, and the luxuriance of the mane, appear to depend on the nature of the cover frequented by the animals, being always greater where there is least shelter.

A CITY LYRIC.

My home is the city; to and fro,
I wander o'er it from day to day,
Hearing its myriad pulses play,
Watching its life-waves ebb and flow;
Little I see, and little I know
Of rustling woods or flowery fields;
On the sights and sounds that the city yields,
My heart and my fancy feed and grow.

Out from my casement, narrow and high,
When the summer morn in the east is low,
Over the long streets, row on row,
I love to look with a dreaming eye;
While half of them still in black shadow lie,
And half of them shine like burnished gold,
And only the wreathing smoke outrolled
From the giant chimneys streaks the sky.

Then I think how soon the clangorous beat
Of bells will call to their tasks again
The thousands who labour with hand or with brain;
And I wonder how many the call will meet
In hope and courage, or patience sweet,
Glad hymns silently singing within;
How many with weights of sorrow or sin
Heavily hanging on heart and feet.

Moving on with the moving throng—
A single drop in the roaring stream—
Electrical currents of sympathy seem
To dart through my veins as I hurry along;
Something I feel of the strange wild thrill
The soldier knows in the maddening crush
Of rank on rank as they onward rush,
Heedless of bullet or bristling steel.

Leisurely strolling at close of day,
When duty is done, and the mind is free,
Each passing face is a problem to me;
Stolid or eager, grave or gay,
Young and blooming, or aged and gray;
Solving it right, or solving it wrong,
Pleasantly musing, I saunter along,
Giving to fancy her wilful way.

This one I know by his cheerful air,
And the smiles on his lip that go and come,
Sees before him the light of home,
And loved ones waiting to welcome him there;
This one I know by the cloud of care

That darkens deep on his wrinkled brow,
Has gambled and lost, and is planning the how
Of a luckier move the account to square.

A piano's soft and silvery din
Comes tinkling merrily out on the air,
And I paint to myself a maiden fair
Playfully touching the keys within;
I give her an eye to the stars akin
When eve hath deepened the bright sky-blue,
A cheek of the delicate wild-rose hue,
And a smile that a lover would die to win.

Here at this window are sitting a pair—
Father and mother—for shining between
The head of a little girl is seen,
With a hand of each on her golden hair;
Visions before me float in the air
Of the might have been, and the yet might be,
If *she* had but listened, nay, if *she*
Had a soul as true as her form is fair.

Often again I look out on the street
When the glittering lamps are all alight,
Gemming the skirts of the dark-robed night,
When the only sounds that my hearing greet
Are mysterious murmurs the sense that cheat,
Or the wakeful watchman's heavy footfall
Echoing up from the hollow wall,
As he wearily paces his lonely beat.

And *then* I think of the aching brow
Cooled on the pillow of peace and rest;
Of lovers the favouring hours have blest
Thinking of kissing and parting now
Of happy circles all aglow
With the light of the heart that beams from the
eyes;
Of the anxious student in haste to be wise,
Still pondering the page that bewilders him so.

O poets may sing of streams that flow
Braiding their ripples in the sun,
Of shadowy wood, and moorland dun,
Of scented brakes where wild-flowers blow;
Little of these I see or know;
My home is the city—and day or night,
On its sights and sounds, with a strange delight,
My heart and my fancy feed and grow.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.